My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſoiournd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leaſt to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.
Enter Hermia.
Her. Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eie, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to thy ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leaue me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom loue doth preſſe to go?
Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fiery oes, and eies of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport, in ſpight of me.
Iniurious *Hermia*, moſt vngratefull maide,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchoole-daies friendſhip, child-hood innocence?
We *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

Haue with our needles, cre
Both on one ſampler, ſittin
Both warbling of one ſong
As if our hands, our ſides,
Had bin incorporate. So w
Like to a double cherry, ſe
But yet an vnion in partiti
Two louely berries moul
So with two ſeeming bod
Two of the firſt life coats
Due but to one, and crow
And will you rent our anc
To ioyne with men in ſco
It is not friendly, tis not m
Our ſexe as well as I, may
Though I alone do feele t
Her. I am amazed at y
I ſcorne you not; It ſeem
Hel. Haue you not ſet
To follow me, and praiſe
And made your other Lo
(Who euen but now did
To call me goddeſſe, nim
Precious, celeſtiall? Wh
To her he hates? And wh
Deny your loue (ſo rich
And tender me (forſooth
But by your ſetting on, b
What though I be not ſo
So hung vpon with loue,
(But miſerable moſt, to l
This you ſhould pitty, ra
Her. I vnderſtand not
Hel. I, do, perſeuer, co
Make mouthes vpon me